Casa Quemada

Artistic walks through a condemned land

Interviewees

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Jesús M. Castillo, biologist at the University of Seville.
Sebastián Celestino, researcher at the CSIC and director of archaeological projects on Tartessos.
Manuel Olías, Professor of Surface Hydrology and Hydrogeology at the University of Huelva.
Ángels Escrivà Chordà, lecturer in the Department of Sociology, Social Work and Public Health at the University of Huelva.
Emma González, coordinator of the Seasonal Workers Support Program at the association Huelva Acoge, part of the Andalucía Acoge federation.

Introduction

I come across satellite images that look like abstract artworks: circles of earth or trees; repeated rectangles of greenhouse plastic or solar panels; thick asphalt strokes of runways. In all of this, human hands have intervened. I am also struck by the repeated irregularities of marshlands' fractal curves, the

ovals of lakes, the scribbles of earth—of all those places untouched. I want to walk inside those images and live within them for a moment.

September 25, 2024. Solnova Solar Park. Casa Quemada

I head toward a flat expanse of white steel. As you approach, the Solnova solar plant is astonishing, with its alien towers firing white beams down to the ground. At the end of the road, a sign reads Casa Quemada—“Burnt House.” Those words sum up what we have achieved: burning down the home we live in. Before reaching it, I pass through a couple of circles: one muddy brown, inhabited by a herd of pigs; another olive green. The perfection of the circular shape reveals mechanical exploitation. I also pass two melted-looking stains: the unburied mortal remains of the Guadiamar River.

The straight, silent road is barely interrupted by large and small cars. To prove that I have made the journey, I collect fragments of olive trees, dried red plants, yellow soil, white stones. I also pick up a reddish can, so rusted and destroyed that it could stand for all the trash accumulating along the roadsides. Then I realize that my steps have been guided from above. I don’t need to collect anything—only to record the data of my walking. I set out to do the same again and again. Yes: discover a beautiful digital zenith, walk through it, record it, and share your data.

Our mission, whether as artists or as ordinary user-creators, will be to provide data and patterns to the different generative systems that combine them in various ways. On the other hand, our creative work becomes more a more a testimony—mere information about the environment. In photography, for instance, the machine, in its drive to learn, will not only capture and analyze artistic patterns, but will also use the image as a reference or illustration of a moment, an instant that took place in a specific location.

I have therefore tried to merge lived experience with creation in order to connect with one of the most recent milestones: the idea that the artist’s life itself becomes the artwork stated in Conceptual Art. That is, simple actions—such as pacing back and forth in the studio or repeating gestures over and

over again (for example, Vito Acconci climbing onto a stool)—reflect a vision that aligns with the way we live today. What is it that we are doing? We are constantly required to answer that question.

We all emit information within a technological system of control in which we are immersed. Control—or however one chooses to see it: association, community, society. Ultimately, walking has become the way I have found to share an artistic experience framed within Data Art. During this action, different electronic tools collect all the data I generate. We are surrounded by recorders that, often without our full awareness, create a portrait or a timestamp of parts of our lives. My aim is to sublimate this digital debris by approaching it from an creative perspective.

We live in a world where our existence appears as simple numerical reports: where you have been, the state of your body at a given moment of the day, or your behavior in relation to technological devices such as a phone. The artist or creator may choose to withdraw completely, but even if they destroy their work or hide it, others will do that work for them, sharing the creations of this mysterious solitary artist. This evasive author will be turned into data provided by others.

Perhaps artistic actions could become a way to escape this cycle, since they are more closely tied to human life. Whether walking through a place while recording your GPS data, or transmitting your experiences as numbers, if you intend to create, you can just compile a database and give it a conceptual meaning that is interesting—at least to you—and connected to your life and worldview.

Artists, from the beginning of the twentieth century, launched a revolution through conceptual and performance art, breaking with the traditional notion of Fine Arts. Perhaps because they had no other choice, they began to question everything. This remains the only possible solution for artists with restless minds who wish to step outside the predefined patterns of the new century.

In short, what must be done is to turn your life into data and share it, feeding —and being fed by—the machine. However, we must ask: if the work is based solely on the sharing of location data, how can it be perceived as a work of

art? Perhaps a satellite photograph with the route marked on it could be used as supporting material. Undoubtedly, it will be challenging for raw data collection, without any subsequent aesthetic treatment, to be recognized as art.

September 30. Cortijo Sobervina. Tartessian Site

The Cortijo (estate) Sobervina is home to a Tartessian archaeological site, one of the earliest settlements on the Iberian Peninsula. Laelia, a communications hub of the Roman Empire, was later built atop this unnamed city. The archaeological remains lie within the Cortijo Soberbina (formerly Sobervina) and therefore cannot be visited.

In 1930, a fire broke out there. One barn housed cows, horses, mules, and oxen. The upper floor was used as a tobacco-drying loft. Right next to it stood the workers' quarters. According to contemporary accounts, "a spark from the electric light" ignited the blaze, and seven people died, burnt alive: a married couple, their five children, and a muleteer who lived with them. In addition, 81 oxen and 15 mules were reduced to charcoal. At the time, no one worried about whether the layout of barns and workers' housing was safe.

At some Tartessian sites, archaeologists have uncovered rituals involving mysterious offerings. Horses and livestock were sacrificed, arranged in careful poses, and buried inside the dwelling that was about to be abandoned. These hecatombs have been linked to catastrophic events—ecological or social crises, responses to natural disasters such as droughts or famine. The fire at the Cortijo Sobervina, with livestock burnt to cinders inside the cattle shed, seems to echo those desperate ceremonies.

How was the landscape the Tartessians saw and lived in? It bore little resemblance to what meets our eyes today. Shaped by human activity over time, the countryside has been filled with crops; river courses have been altered and hemmed in by dams. Tartessian settlements once close to riverbanks have become dryland sites. Thus, many thousands of years ago, the city now known as Laelia could look out, from afar, over the Guadiamar. The

importance of water. The dead were often laid to rest on small rises, encircled by river arms that embraced them, turning them into islands. Homes from the Iron Age were decorated with drawings of ships—the very vessels that sailed inland along the waters into inhabited land.

> “In Antiquity, the landscape is a determining factor in life, whether because of the terrain’s orography, watercourses, or any landmark in the surroundings. But it is also clearly shaped by the economy, so one must consider the exploitation of the surrounding territory, trade routes—overland, maritime, or fluvial—or simple agriculture. Depending on these factors, rituals differ from one place to another, according to the cults practiced, since each god or goddess has their own rites.”
> Sebastián Celestino

Farther north, near the Guadiana…
Animals sacrificed in the courtyard. Flesh consumed by tongues of fire. More than fifty horses set in precise postures, paired off, to soothe the sorrows of a land that yields nothing. Cattle too, burnt just the same. The rite strikes us as strange as the names of the invoked deities: Baal, Astarte. The Tartessian site of Las Casas del Turuñuelo gifts us unanswered questions, coats our tongues with the sweetness of mystery. Even now, the light of conclusions does not enter this building, buried back into the landscape after the hecatomb.

> “We are still far—though ever closer—from reaching a final interpretation of this phenomenon, unprecedented for the period, though it was also detected at the nearby and contemporary sanctuary of Cancho Roano. Everything points to an adverse period, perhaps several years of excessive environmental humidity, which made it impossible to work the land. Such circumstances, or something similar, would have prompted a ritual sacrifice in an attempt to appease the deity. However, it seems that in the end they

chose to decommission the site and seal it, leaving it hidden within the landscape. On the other hand, the rich sites of the southwestern Peninsula, where Tartessos originated and developed, lie beneath today's cities of Huelva, Cádiz, Seville, or Carmona, which prevents us from studying this aspect. DNA analyses are being carried out on the dead from some Tartessian necropolises, such as La Joya (Huelva), which—together with other bioarchaeological studies—may offer us clues in the near future."
Sebastián Celestino

In this hall, the final banquet took place. Someone decided to sacrifice the building itself. Iron knives cut the meat while a bronze cauldron boils on the grate. Outside, in the courtyard, the sculpture's skin of Greek marble has already been clothed from her white nakedness; ears and neck adorned with jewels, coarse hair covered by a sumptuous headdress. Her name is Astarte, the white dove. Perhaps she had already appeared in her final procession. The remains of the meal are buried in a small pit. The house of worship is burnt with the sacrificed animals inside. At last, it is buried, so that in time we may discover it and attempt to read the meaning of this farewell to the burnt House.

"The courtyard at Casas del Turuñuelo follows the layout seen in other great Tartessian buildings, derived from Near Eastern architecture. These courtyards separate the public area from the private one, where spaces dedicated to power and worship were located. At Casas del Turuñuelo, thanks to the excellent state of preservation, we can clearly distinguish this separation through the construction of a monumental staircase that precisely divides the public from the private, restricted to the upper floor where the main rooms are found."
Sebastián Celestino

The only constant is human labor—its exploitations and trade routes, and its helplessness in the face of the unpredictable. In the beginning, everything of value was sacrificed—animals—in hopes of changing the fate of a land at the mercy of the climate's turns.

October 1. Torre Carbonero. Mouth of the Guadiamar River

The Guadiamar keeps Doñana in balance. It rises in the Sierra Morena and flows into the marshes. In its final stretch, it delivers essential nutrients to the park's aquatic ecosystems. The Aznalcóllar disaster of 1998: the river was hit by a toxic spill from a mine that is now set to reopen.

> "We are placing the very conditions of life—and the foundations for an environmentally respectful economy—in serious jeopardy. Moreover, the mouth of the Guadiamar, a river that since the mid-nineteenth century has struggled with heavy-metal pollution from the Castillo de las Guardas and Aznalcóllar mines, only worsens the situation. To this we must add the disaster caused by the rupture of the Aznalcóllar tailings dam, which still contains roughly 13 million cubic meters of sludge and extremely acidic water. As was to be expected, these wastes are seeping into the underlying aquifer, identified in hydrological conservation plans as the alluvial aquifer of the Agrio and Guadiamar rivers. All of this amounts to threats that industrialism—as I like to call it—imposes on the very conditions of life. The industrialist ideology, grounded in ever-increasing production and in mathematical constructs invented by economists, such as GDP and other indicators, has been with us for a long time. Recently, however, it has become a threat not only to the future but to healthy life in the present.
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> There is a kind of skin-deep ecological awareness—very superficial, or let's say easily swayed—for most of the public, inclined to be convinced not by arguments but by tricks or even bait. This shallow,

easily satisfied ecological awareness allows business at large to spin a completely false narrative. Everyone knows it’s a lie, yet we settle for appearances and hypocrisy.”
Félix Talego

I set out from Matalascañas. Before reaching the beach, I pass near a concrete beehive whose entrance bears a sign explaining that it is a hotel. Close to the sand there are a few houses with a whitewashed well in the courtyard.

“In the Almonte–Marismas aquifer there is a natural hydrogeological divide that means that, in the western sector (belonging to the Tinto–Odiel–Piedras river basin district), groundwater flows toward the Tinto River area, while in the rest (part of the Guadalquivir district) it flows eastward, toward Doñana National Park. Groundwater pumping between Palos, Mazagón, and Moguer in the Tinto–Odiel–Piedras district has shifted this divide eastward, so that water infiltrating the aquifer at the headwaters of the La Rocina stream now flows west. This results in a reduced contribution of groundwater to La Rocina and, consequently, to Doñana National Park.

Climate change will reduce aquifer recharge and therefore lower water levels and diminish groundwater inputs to Doñana’s habitats, worsening the current situation. Faced with declining recharge, there are only two possible strategies: either try to increase it through artificial or managed recharge, or reduce outflows by cutting back pumping. To my knowledge, there are currently no plans to increase aquifer recharge, though it is an option that should be considered.”
Manuel Olías

The Carbonero Tower, also known as Torre de la Carbonera, is part of the old network of watchtowers built in the sixteenth century to guard the coast. Its only entrance faces away from the sea, a typical design meant to protect the sentries. Despite the passage of time, the tower remains in good condition thanks to its distance from towns and tourists. I walk from the dunes toward it. From time to time, Doñana Park buses roll by, packed with strangers who, when they're not taking photos, drink from small plastic bottles.

> "What has been lacking is a comprehensive view of the aquifer. The part within the Tinto–Odiel–Piedras district is managed by the Andalusian regional government, while the rest falls under the Guadalquivir River Basin Authority, which in turn depends on the Ministry for Ecological Transition and the Demographic Challenge. Both bodies have conducted studies of groundwater within their respective districts, but it is the same aquifer—what happens in one area can affect the other. On top of that, the aquifer here is complex, with two layers at different depths that respond differently to pumping.
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> It has been known for quite some time that extractions supplying Matalascañas have a strong impact on nearby lagoons in Doñana National Park—Brezo, Charco del Toro, Taraje, and others. As withdrawals for irrigation have increased, aquifer levels have fallen. This is the main problem facing Doñana. Urban pumping for Matalascañas causes serious problems in areas close to the National Park but on a smaller scale—about 2.5 hm^3 per year compared with roughly 100 hm^3 per year extracted for agricultural irrigation."
> Manuel Olías

On the way back, in my car. On both sides of the road, furrows of soil are covered in plastic. Crews of seasonal workers bend low, moving briskly under the sun.

“In a situation dominated by pessimism, where quick profit rules, the discourse of the strong against the weak immediately takes hold and is even further legitimized. Anyone who doesn’t wise up and learn how to gain ground, get ahead in life, climb the ladder, is labeled foolish. This happens with many foremen and supervisors in the fields. They are people who arrived with enormous economic needs—colloquially speaking, with nothing to their name. But they’ve learned that the only way to earn employers’ trust and move up the occupational ladder is by exploiting others. In return they receive better wages, better working conditions, more perks. In my Sociology of Work classes, when we address these issues, students acknowledge that they themselves—or their families or immediate surroundings—have direct experience of farm labor. For generations, farmworkers endured brutal working conditions, abuse by overseers, and little empathy from landowners. Among these families there is a strong desire to escape the jobs with the worst conditions. Since the system cannot be changed, it is assumed that these undesirable jobs must be filled by people with no real choice. It’s true that at first—when newcomers arrive from their countries of origin—such work can even seem appealing compared to what they had or might have had back home. Not everywhere they come from is so different from what they’ll find here, though in some cases it is.

This is a situation of replacement: let me and mine get out of the day-labor trap; let us move into other sectors that, even if they don’t necessarily pay much better, offer more humane treatment, better coverage of personal needs, more opportunities for advancement, greater prestige, or less exposure to the elements. Jobs in hospitality within the tourism sector, for example—also seasonal—are preferred by my students over fieldwork, especially greenhouse labor under plastic, picking strawberries off the ground. The experience of earlier generations serves mainly to understand how the system works. One learns its mechanisms and, ultimately, tries to survive within it by climbing and occupying more favorable positions as soon

as possible. These are survival strategies, not transformative ones.”
Àngels Escrivà

Today we have other technological defense towers that protect us from ourselves. We now speak of unmanned devices, of satellite surveillance like the supporting images I use in Casa Quemada; and mines are reopened or irrigation expanded that poison the water—but we don’t call those a threat.

“The Almonte–Marismas aquifer is highly vulnerable to contamination because it is very sandy, with little capacity to retain pollutants. In addition, the water table lies very close to the surface, so any product added to the soil with irrigation water can reach it. As a result, nitrate concentrations—and in some cases pesticides such as glyphosate—are very high across large areas of the aquifer. The only possible way to prevent contamination is to raise farmers’ awareness so they reduce their use of these products, but so far this has had no effect, as contaminant levels in groundwater have not fallen. Another option is for them to stop irrigating—and therefore stop using fertilizers and pesticides—as proposed in a plan that offers financial incentives to farmers (up to €100,000 per hectare) to abandon irrigation and convert their land to forest use.

The agreement signed by the Andalusian regional government and the Spanish government in 2023 includes numerous measures, among them: closing illegal wells and improving governance; reorganizing and relocating Matalascañas water intakes away from the National Park and, in the medium term, replacing groundwater withdrawals with surface water to supply the town; likewise, replacing irrigation pumping with surface water; acquiring land with water rights so groundwater extraction ceases, as was done in 2015 with the purchase of the Los Mimbrales estate; and the plan of financial incentives to transform irrigated land into forest areas, thereby eliminating pumping. These measures need to be fast-

tracked and implemented as soon as possible.”
Manuel Olías

October 7. CEUS (Center for Testing, Training and Assembly of Unmanned Aircraft)

The CEUS Center is dedicated to the development of unmanned aircraft, commonly known as drones. Its Tarsis project (Tartessos, in Greek) focuses on surveillance and reconnaissance systems for defense and emergency management. High-end technology designed for long-range observation missions under adverse conditions.

“Andalusia, in the twenty-first century, is increasingly being shaped as a sacrifice zone. And depending on the struggles—beyond mining, though some may be directly related—the social and political struggles that take place… we’ll see whether Andalusia ends up fully sacrificed or not. But the political and economic power behind continued mining exploitation is enormous. Take, for example, the Las Cruces mine: there was a limit on water extraction, but it was justified as being in the ‘general interest.’
There is also a deep disconnect between most people in Andalusia and the rural world and nature. So if resistance doesn’t come—and I think this is the key—from fishermen, shellfish gatherers, even from the tourism sector… if there isn’t strong opposition from socio-economic actors, it will be very difficult to stop this.”
Jesús Castillo

The military complex, inaugurated on October 1, 2024, does not yet appear in Google Earth’s 360-degree images. Where dirt paths once appeared in photographs, I now find a fence marking off access to the runway of this high-tech facility.

> “As for legislation, mining regulations have essentially been written by the mining companies themselves—not only in Spain, but across Europe—and this trend is intensifying. The new European directive on materials, now referred to as ‘strategic raw materials’—a term that suggests an increasingly military-oriented approach—reinforces this dynamic.
> Environmental legislation is thus clearly subordinated to this productive and extractive framework. It does not challenge it; instead, it demands a façade, a set of procedures, an appearance that everything is under control. Yet everyone knows it isn’t. And not only the mining companies, which operate under a ‘dominate or be dominated’ logic to avoid being swallowed by one another, but also the public itself, the so-called major unions, and society as a whole.”
> Félix Talego

To get there, I pass through greenhouses and cross paths with migrant workers walking along the roadside, most of them carrying nothing but a bottle of water.

> “In other cases, living in a shantytown is, among the available options, the preferred choice for some of these people. Since agricultural estates can be located at considerable distances from the town center, it may be more convenient to live in a shack as close as possible to the fields or farms where they work. This is preferable to having to travel every day from town to the farm, paying someone to drive them.”
> Àngels Escrivà

A headline praises the virtues of Huelva, summed up in its wealth of rare earths, hydrogen, and drones. A trinity of vague yet suggestive connections.

The article goes on. Europe needs material for its dreams; materials with which to manufacture weapons green powered—devices that, yes, may kill in the future, but don’t worry, for now they are content to remain civilian. A sky filled with aircraft that “collect targets” is described. More colors. Red and green.

Meanwhile, these small unmanned devices, as one would expect in this era, rise above the pine forests of Huelva, over its dunes, with the aim of perfecting not the art of war, but that of defense and security. Words must be chosen carefully.

But the true fuel—fossil, in this case, if I may be so blunt—is that of some immigrant who has burnt to death in a shack not far from there after a fire. An exile who works and is summoned to help build a safe zone that he, of course, will never enjoy.

The problem with reality is that, suddenly, one runs into it. A matter of physics. We stumble upon improvised homes made of wooden panels with sheet-metal roofs. It is not only expatriates who suffer. Millions of people—that is, the majority of us—will not benefit from those treasures buried in our land.

We entered the phase of intense, unmasked control some time ago. Rivers are “cleaned” with poisons; metal is worth more than the water you drink, since it hardly matters if it is contaminated when it is used for machinery. If the fish die, or if we cannot drink it—what does it matter? We walk upon the sacrificed base of the kingdom, in the midst of an undeclared war.

In the burnt houses, it is almost always the day laborers who die—Andalusians once, Africans now.

October 8. Roman Grain Mill in the Guadiamar Green Corridor

In the Guadiamar Green Corridor there is a Roman grain mill that harnessed the power of water to grind grain. Such mills were key to the region’s agricultural economy. Using water as an energy source made it easier to

produce flour, a staple for local communities.

> “The expression ‘Guadiamar Green Corridor’ is, in reality, hypocritical. I would say that more than hypocritical, it is cynical. There are signs that say ‘no digging’, but at one time there were also signs warning ‘no grazing’, ‘no collecting’, ‘no hunting’, ‘no fishing’. Many of these have disappeared and are not replaced.
> For those who are uninformed or turn their backs on current circumstances, these bans may look like measures to protect nature. But the reality is different: the soil still shows varying degrees of contamination by heavy metals. Although the acidity of the water tends to neutralize, the contamination remains. That is why the term green corridor is clearly hypocritical or cynical—because there is nothing green about it. Even though vegetation has spread, it absorbs heavy metals and redistributes them into the environment, affecting microorganisms, worms, birds, and ultimately introducing them into the food chain.
> When a disaster like Aznalcóllar occurs, it is not simply a matter of cleaning an area, fencing it off, and instantly turning it into a green corridor. We must understand that contamination has long-term effects. The Guadiamar Green Corridor was cleaned, the sludge was removed, and the best possible measures were taken, given the extremely harmful nature of this type of sulfide pollution. However, this kind of contamination does not occur in isolated episodes: mines and mining waste act as permanent sources. Repeatedly—especially during rainy periods—they contaminate the surroundings again. In other words, the Guadiamar River is being permanently re-contaminated.
> There has also been discussion of sulfides and the aquifer that is in contact with them. In the end, everything is connected: water does not respect legal decrees. From the alluvial aquifer, the waste that still remains in the spoil heaps—which are anything but inert—continues its contaminating activity. The so-called environmental liabilities of sulfide mining are not passive at all; on the contrary,

they are highly active. What remains at the base of the system continues to function as a source of pollution that will persist for a very long time.”
Félix Talego

Near this natural setting I came across a satellite image of what I initially thought was a gas pipeline. In fact, it is the Aznalcázar wastewater treatment plant (EDAR), operated by Aljarafesa. This facility treats wastewater from Aznalcázar, Huévar del Aljarafe, and part of Sanlúcar la Mayor, preventing discharges from affecting the fragile river environment and Doñana National Park. It began operating about twenty years ago, when the area was designated as environmentally sensitive under current regulations. My confusion stemmed from the abundance of signs warning of gas conduits buried underground. Digging is not recommended in that part of the Green Corridor. Recently, Petroleum Oil & Gas, a Naturgy company, was prevented from exploiting this natural area. Since 2015, several attempts to turn the Guadiamar and Doñana into a gas storage site have been halted by court rulings. The proposed works threatened not only local biodiversity but also the delicate balance of an ecosystem that has already suffered severe ecological disasters.

“There have been projects to inject gas into the subsoil of Doñana. I don’t know whether those projects were extended or whether any were intended to reach the Guadiamar area as well, which is relatively close, depending on whether one considers the lower or middle course of the river. For the time being, they have been stopped, although we do not know whether they will be resumed in the future.
Storing gas in tanks requires keeping it in liquid form, which means cooling it to minus 170 degrees Celsius—a process that involves a considerable energy cost. For this reason, it is cheaper for companies to find underground cavities to store it. There was a degree of citizen mobilization and, among other factors, this helped

—together with objections and appeals filed against these projects—to bring about their temporary suspension. However, we do not know whether they will be taken up again in the future…”
Félix Talego

October 9. Dolmen of Soto. Silos of the Cortijo de San Benito de Candón

The Dolmen of Soto, located near Trigueros, is one of the most important megalithic monuments on the Iberian Peninsula. Dating from between 3000 and 2500 BCE, it forms part of a funerary complex used by agrarian communities. Its design aligns the burial chamber with sunlight during the solstices.

“It is difficult to convey the profound symbolism of these structures to people today. One has to strip away our current knowledge and our ever-expanding scientific understanding, which tends to undermine religious belief. Today we can explain why the sun rises in the east every day; we understand why the moon wanes and waxes, why there are high and low tides, why earthquakes occur or cold drops form. When the importance of religion at that time—and the ritual responses meant to appease the gods or nature, which amounted to the same thing—is explained to modern audiences, people often think we are resorting to easy answers. What they fail to realize is that even today, in the twenty-first century, there are towns that take their Virgins and saints out in procession to pray for rain.”
Sebastián Celestino

“If warming stays between 3 and 4 degrees, we are talking about deaths. Plain and simple. If there are no very deep social and

political changes—changes that go beyond capitalism and lead to a major redistribution of wealth—we are talking about the deaths of billions of people. This is extremely serious, and it is just around the corner, within one or two generations."
Jesús Castillo

From here I set off toward the centuries-old silos of the Cortijo de San Benito de Candón, used to store grain since at least the eighteenth century and converted into dovecotes in the 1930s. One silo in particular caught my attention. When I looked inside, I saw a mattress on the floor and an iron beam that seemed to have been used as a ladder, providing access to a window at ground level.

"The authorities maintain an attitude that could be described as dismissive toward the people living in settlements, whether they have their papers in order or are undocumented. This is because they are people who, even if they live there year-round, are not considered potential voters for any political party or alternative. The authorities engage with or respond to the demands of those they consider their legitimate citizenry. Non-voters or the unregistered—the uncounted—do not matter. There are still many municipalities, as in Lucena, where regardless of who holds the mayor's office, authorities have systematically refused to register people living in settlements. This happens despite the fact that many of them have long been perfectly identified. These political representatives claim that this is a population they cannot control, that they do not know who they are, that they are illegally occupying public woodland—and therefore must be evicted because it is a wholly fraudulent occupation.
Meanwhile, these settlements sit shoulder to shoulder with numerous agricultural estates that do nothing but grow larger year after year. There is no objection whatsoever to this conversion of public land into agricultural property; we are not aware of any town

councils opposing it. Yet when people with housing needs find shelter however they can, supporting one another in putting up these shacks, that is what causes offense. This makes it clear that what we are seeing here is discrimination based on economic position, on one's status as a citizen. Ultimately, it is also very clearly racial discrimination."
Àngels Escrivà

October 14. Intermittent Lagoon of the Turmas

In Las Peñuelas Natural Park, a wildfire in 2017 destroyed more than 8,500 hectares. The fire mainly affected forested areas close to Doñana National Park. Walking along the trail, I imagined the night of June 24, when a violent wind fanned the flames, turning the effort to extinguish them into a battle that lasted for days.

"We have effectively entered a phase of abrupt climate change. That means the system is now self-heating, regardless of what humans do. And what humans are doing is continuing to increase greenhouse gas emissions by 1% every year. In other words, we're heading toward the end of the century with warming of between 3 and 4 degrees—if not more. And if we exceed 4 degrees, we are very likely talking about civilizational collapse. And who knows whether even the extinction of our species in the 22nd century."
Jesús Castillo

Along the path, there are still signs warning of the transport of contaminated groundwater, linked to the Poseidon offshore gas pipeline owned by Repsol. This route is no longer in use due to protests by local residents.

“Projects like Repsol’s Poseidon gas pipeline—which is energy mining, another form of mining, in this case gas extraction—have repeatedly shown, throughout western Andalusia, that local populations are far more sensitive to waste that arrives officially labeled as landfill garbage. In Gibraleón, for example, there was a year-and-a-half-long mobilization, with arrests and hunger strikes, that succeeded in stopping the first attempt to locate a landfill there, which was ultimately installed in Nerva. In Nerva, opposition lasted three years and split the local community and families between those in favor of and those against the landfill. In Aznalcóllar, a town clearly supportive of mining, opposition was also organized and managed to reject a tire landfill project and an incinerator—which I’m not sure was exclusively for tires or for other waste as well, but tires were included. However, the same communities that reject these landfills accept, and even enthusiastically support, the reopening of mines, despite the fact that mining generates enormous quantities of waste with the same or even greater toxicity than an industrial landfill. Mining razes and devastates the land, making any other development alternative nonviable, except in exceptional cases like Riotinto, where, with strong institutional backing, it has been turned into a tourist attraction—a devastated, dead landscape, a true focus of death. There is no other experience, despite attempts with public support, that has even managed to consolidate itself as a tourism alternative.

In short, a mining region is condemned either to continue depending on mining or to disappear. While in other sectors activities can be replaced or evolve, mining—especially sulfide mining, which predominates here—destroys the environment and poisons water sources, preventing any other development. That is why people who remain in these areas only wait for the arrival of another mine, because without a mine, there is nothing. This is the blackmail of employment, orchestrated by multinational mining corporations and backed by governments, past and present alike, which share an absolute consensus in support of mining, fully opening borders to

this activity without demanding any real compensation.”
Félix Talego

“Today, as a rule, the natural qualities of the land are no longer respected in its exploitation. On the contrary, the system is pushed to its limits to extract greater profits: irrigation zones are created where water is scarce; construction takes place in supposedly abandoned drovers’ paths or along coastlines for tourist enjoyment; forests are cleared to make room for housing developments; pollution is allowed to run unchecked in the name of well-being… Today’s rituals consist of occasional demonstrations against all this—and nothing more.”
Sebastián Celestino

October 15. Huerta del Hambre

I walk among the remains of the fire that broke out on August 5, 2023. The blaze devastated approximately 450 hectares.

“Wildfires are a crystal-clear example. More heat means more fires. And fires turn what was once a carbon sink into a source of emissions. Each fire releases more CO_2 into the atmosphere, which leads to more warming, which in turn causes more fires. It’s a self-feeding feedback loop. And it’s precisely these kinds of loops that have already pushed us, almost entirely, into a phase of abrupt climate change. Even so, these fires are nothing compared to those in intertropical regions. In the Amazon, parts of Africa, and Indonesia, massive deforestation combined with forest fires is a key factor in the global climate crisis.”
Jesús Castillo

Around sixty people from nearby towns were evacuated and had to spend the night at the Bonares Municipal Sports Hall. There, they experienced what it means to sleep in an improvised shelter, much like the hundreds of migrants who struggle to survive in makeshift shantytowns.

> “When a fire or flood occurs, the 112 emergency service immediately activates a protocol involving firefighters, the Guardia Civil, and the Red Cross. According to colleagues who lived nearby, the cause of the most recent fatal fire in Lucena del Puerto was a campfire used for heat—several witnesses confirm this. We don’t know where the victim was buried, but we were told his name. We hadn’t worked with him, but we knew him by sight. He was a young man from Ghana who had been living in the settlement for a long time, for at least 17 years. We can confirm the deaths of more than seven people, as well as multiple injuries and the total loss of material possessions in different settlements across the province of Huelva.
>
> Unfortunately, the proposed actions require financial resources. The city council and social organizations have raised awareness through several fire-prevention workshops, and we have even had a firefighter collaborate to explain what should be done. From the association (Huelva Acoge), we have also provided some fire extinguishers. However, given the extreme fragility of these structures, any spark can cause an entire settlement to be completely destroyed. For this reason, the solution lies in eradicating the camps and providing dignified housing for all these people.”
> Emma González

> “My work has brought me face to face with a truly dramatic and unbearable reality: the growing presence of shantytown settlements in rural areas, many of them bordering major agricultural towns.

Many of these groups share the same nationality or a certain ethnic identity. Among them are people with valid residence permits. They have settled into a kind of day-labor nomadism that allows them to survive financially throughout the year. There are also undocumented people living in these settlements. They are far more vulnerable to extreme exploitation by employers and agricultural landowners. Working conditions are harsh for everyone—both those with papers, whether their own or borrowed, and those without. What may differ between the two groups is pay. Undocumented workers have far less social bargaining power. As a result, they cannot demand their rights and, ultimately, cannot file public complaints. Nor can they turn to law enforcement in cases of blatant abuse.

It is widely known that, in terms of labor legislation, agricultural employers do not comply in 100% of cases with the guarantees and rights stipulated in the provincial agricultural labor agreement. This includes not only the guarantee of being paid the national minimum wage, but also unpaid overtime. In addition, rest periods are not respected, nor are transportation costs to the workplace covered, among other violations."
Àngels Escrivà

As I continue exploring the area, I come across signs that recall the scale of the disaster, as well as the measures taken to mitigate the damage. The fire originated at two separate points, raising suspicions of human involvement.

"Fire rituals in Tartessos are closely associated with buildings or architectural complexes, but there is no evidence that fire played a central role outside the human sphere. It is true that we cannot document large-scale fires in Protohistory—at least for now—but considering the psychology of ancient people, it is hard to imagine they would have dared to assault nature in such a way. Burning a

forest, for example, would have meant violating sacred laws, since it would inevitably involve offending one or more gods associated with nature.”
Sebastián Celestino

October 16. Municipal Cemetery of Lucena del Puerto. Río Tinto

I set off from the cemetery. Down the hillside, countless greenhouses and agricultural operations come into view. Fires in migrant workers’ settlements are common. Precarious dwellings built with highly flammable materials go up in flames easily. As in the Sobervina fire, devastation arrives swiftly and brutally. These improvised settlements—especially the one known as Sevillana, or “the Malians’ camp”—exist in a cycle of destruction and rebuilding. Lucena del Puerto is home to fifteen settlements with a population of more than five hundred people.

“I’ve been working with the association Huelva Acoge for 17 years. The situation is completely overwhelmed. We’ve counted more than 19 shantytown clusters, increasingly farther from the urban center and hidden to avoid detection, which only deepens the extreme vulnerability people live in. There is no water or electricity network, nor garbage collection. Accessing water is therefore very difficult; people take it from nearby farms, from irrigation outlets or pipes. Electricity comes from solar panels, batteries…
To heat water, they build open fires, as they do for cooking, with the consequent risk of fire—especially in summer, with high temperatures. The lack of waste collection leads to trash piling up around the shacks, which has a serious negative impact on the physical health of people barely surviving in these settlements.
At Huelva Acoge we don’t have a census, so our figures are estimates. We believe that at the peak of the agricultural season there are around 500 to 600 people, dropping to about 150 in

summer. The Ministry and the Andalusian regional government have launched an eradication plan aimed, in the medium to long term, at eliminating settlements across the province of Huelva. The Lucena town council has completed construction of a shelter with capacity for 36 people, which is still pending opening. It was funded with regional government funds."
Emma González

"For many of these temporary workers, the settlement is practically the last housing option left. On the other hand, we've also noticed—and women have told us this in particular—that in the settlements they feel freer to make their own decisions, to move around freely, compared to when they live in the accommodations provided by employers on their farms. On the them, they are often subject to a significant level of control.
This is because recruitment at origin, through what is known as the GECCO order, very often becomes a system of tight control over people's lives and bodies. They are picked up upon arrival at the port of Algeciras, put on a bus—this huge contingent of women—and then distributed among different farms, in smaller or larger groups.
For the rest of the season, the months they will be working for that single employer, they must live on the farm. Not always, but often, they have difficulty justifying time spent away from it. This is because employers, foremen and manijeras (forewomen) are interested in having these workers available for as many hours as possible. They don't want them distracted; they want trips to nearby towns for shopping to be tightly controlled, without wasting time. They want them to make very limited use of public services, including healthcare. They don't want them to maintain contacts or relationships with the rest of the population—whether other day laborers, migrant residents, or local citizens—so they won't be distracted and won't have the chance to begin any process of social integration.
This situation of isolation and captivity, which many women have described to us, can be avoided through other types of housing.

Obviously, this could be in urban areas, but also through settlements under controlled conditions with people they trust. Of course, the shantytown settlement would be an option for a more permanent day-labor population—people who work the land for more months of the year, not only during harvest, but also planting and clearing.
As we can see, the picture of life here is complex. It's important to understand the different dynamics that take place in these spaces. It's well known that some of Lucena's settlements—especially the oldest and largest—have become not only places of refuge for a migrant population linked to agricultural work that can't find housing alternatives, but also providers of services for other migrant populations and even for local residents. Services such as sexual services or *entertainment* more broadly."
Àngels Escrivà

I reach the Río Tinto, famous for its acidic red waters, rich in heavy metals such as iron, copper, and manganese. Iberians, Phoenicians, and Romans already used it as a source of minerals. In the nineteenth century, mining intensified with the arrival of British companies like the Rio Tinto Company Limited, which built a railway line to transport the ore to the port of Huelva.

"There are many riverbeds with extremely low pH—highly acidic. For example, it's worth taking a walk around São Domingos. The mine is in Portugal and flows into the Chanza reservoir. It's several kilometers of crystal-clear, transparent water that, in the heat, makes you want to drink it… but if you put a chicken in there, it wouldn't last a day. In it, everything decomposes incredibly fast because of the acidity.
That's the extreme case, but there are many streams similar to the Tinto. We work a lot at the mouth of the Río Tinto. One of the most striking things about these waterways is the color: reds, sulfur yellows. Sometimes there's also the smell… That's not natural. The foam that appears in some waters is often made up of proteins

denatured by acid.”
Jesús Castillo

“These regions, like Riotinto and Tarsis, have produced huge quantities of copper and other metals. But if you travel through them, you can see how little wealth has actually remained from everything mining supposedly generated. The reality is that mining produces poverty—and this is a historical fact, not only here but anywhere in the world where there is mining. Company owners never live near the mines; they rarely visit them, and they don’t even need to. The people who live there are exploited workers, from lower-ranking engineers to laborers and the unfortunate souls forced to descend into the mine.
Until roughly two centuries ago, for a man to go down into a mine he had to be chained; otherwise, he wouldn’t do it. Today, look how much the ideology of work has ‘progressed’: workers and defenders of the working class chain themselves to the mines so they won’t be shut down. Job blackmail, with the complicity of so-called class-based and majority unions, remains extremely effective in giving mining companies free rein to continue devastating territories. They make no secret of the fact that these operations are designed to last 15, 12, or 18 years, with possible extensions. What they don’t say is that if metal prices fall or other circumstances arise, they can leave before those 15 years are up without any consequences—because there is no way to hold them accountable.”
Félix Talego

October 21. Olivargas River. Aguas Teñidas Mine

To continue along the public path toward the river, I have to cross a private road monitored by security cameras that provides access to the Aguas Teñidas

Mine. Sandfire MATSA operates three underground mines in Huelva. All of them are located in the Iberian Pyrite Belt, a mining district stretching over more than 250 kilometers that has been active since the Copper Age, 4,500 years ago. Aguas Teñidas is an underground massive sulfide deposit, rich in copper.

> “Historians of mining in the industrial era—because industrial mining has nothing to do with preindustrial mining—agree that the strongest and most sustained opposition to this activity has always come from farmers and livestock breeders. This is because water, which is essential to their livelihoods, is sooner or later poisoned, to a greater or lesser extent, by mining.
> All over the world, from Japan to the Americas, it has always been this way. What is interesting, however, is to analyze why it is not happening in the same way here. The tourism sector and the agricultural sector are already objectively harmed. Moreover, agriculture lives under a sword of Damocles: if news were to break one day that there are traces of heavy metals in its products, its image could be severely damaged. And once a product’s reputation is tarnished, restoring it is a difficult task.”
> Félix Talego

When I reach the Olivargas River, I find green foam trapped among the rocks. For some time now, the irrigation communities of the Andévalo Minero have been on alert due to polluting discharges coming from the mine, which put the water quality of the Olivargas stream at risk; it flows into the reservoir of the same name. Analyses carried out in 2019 showed that heavy metal levels in nearby rivers exceeded the permitted limits.

> “It doesn’t reach human consumption. There is monitoring of metals in drinking water. It could be done more frequently, but it is monitored. Not long ago, for example, a study on this was published.

Colleagues from the University of Huelva measured metals in the big toenail, because it takes the longest to grow—about a year. They compared levels in people living near the chemical complex and the phosphogypsum stacks with those living farther away. And they found that those who live nearby have more metals in their big toenails. It's not from drinking water—that's relatively well controlled in towns and cities—but if someone drinks from an unmonitored well, that's another matter.

The problem comes through food. Very little is analyzed. In fish and seafood, almost nothing. Only in bivalve mollusks, like clams, is it done regularly. But in fish and seafood in general, there is hardly any analysis. And that's how it can reach people. Now, in the new report on fish—which hasn't yet appeared in the press, but we are already sending it to those directly involved—something worrying shows up. Lead levels in mullet, the fish consumed in this area of the Guadalquivir, exceeded the limits allowed by the European Union for fish muscle. And the regional government of Andalusia did nothing. Thirty-one percent of the samples were above the permitted level. The mine sent those data to the Department of the Environment… and that's where they stayed. The regional government did not react. There is a protocol: the Department of the Environment should have informed the Department of Health and Consumer Affairs. Health and Consumer Affairs should have opened an investigation and asked the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries to conduct analyses to corroborate the data. If confirmed, a food alert would probably have had to be issued. But they did nothing."

Jesús Castillo

Since 2018, there have been two significant spills that have caused great concern among local farmers. Sandfire MATSA has managed to contain the effects of these spills. On January 20, 2018, more than five hundred cubic meters of contaminated waste poisoned two kilometers of riverbed.

“Within the province of Huelva, people who take a more critical stance or have greater concerns are unlikely to stay. There is a blanket of silence, a law imposed and self-imposed over all the injustices that occur in the countryside. This happens insofar as it is understood that bringing these irregularities to light, giving them a voice, would harm a sector considered strategic for the province’s economy. Injustice is accepted in favor of the family economies of small business owners, and of some of the jobs also generated by agribusiness.

Gross Domestic Product from agriculture in this province represents more than 10%. Critical or radical positions with respect to the extractivist system of intensive agriculture are not allowed; they are even punished in different ways. The same applies to criticism of the petrochemical or mining industries, which are so important in this region.

As a result, many scholars speak of Huelva as an example of a sacrifice zone. In these territories, it has been fairly broadly accepted by both citizens and political and economic authorities that they are ecologically devastated, polluted areas. Following initial extractive activities—mining, in Huelva’s case—other destructive activities can accumulate on already contaminated land, harming both the territory and the people who live there.”

Ángels Escrivà

“The companies do not hide, for example, that the new tailings pond in Valdelamusa—which, as I understand it, will have a capacity of between 15 and 20 million cubic meters of sludge—will remain there permanently. The owning company itself, in this case the Australian multinational Sandfire, states that it will be operational for 15 years. In other words, they will be dumping waste for 15 years and, without saying it outright, they assume that the pond will remain there forever. Fifteen years of exploitation in exchange for an eternity of waste.

At the Aguas Teñidas mine, or at the Cobre Las Cruces mine in Gerena (Seville), companies, due to current legislation, their own commercial interests, and the need to avoid scandals that could damage their image and, by extension, their stock value, manage to contain, conceal, and handle the colossal discharges generated by mining while operations are ongoing. They ensure that nothing leaves the mining site and, if any leakage occurs, they immediately collect it and even compensate those affected—or, if they cannot compensate them, they buy their silence.

This is how sulfide mining has changed compared to how it operated until the 1960s or 70s. Before, during the period of exploitation, companies didn't even try to hide anything: waste flowed freely into the surrounding environment and into rivers. Now, by contrast, they retain it within the mining site. Paradoxically, the real problem begins when the miners leave. And miners always leave. Those who remain are only the unfortunate ones who had to go down into the mine, who became contaminated by being on the front line of exposure to a highly dangerous material like sulfides.

According to the law, companies are required to manage the waste for the first two years after the mine closes. From the third year onward, that waste is abandoned and its management falls to public administrations or to another mine that may come later. But if no other mine arrives, the burden always ends up falling on the State—that is, on the public treasury, which means all of us. It's the same old story: privatization of profits and socialization of costs, but in the case of mining, on a colossal scale.

When the Aguas Teñidas mine stops being profitable or when market conditions change, it will close. But no sulfide mine ever truly closes: it is simply abandoned. And after a few years, it will begin to show its devastating effects, as has happened since the late nineteenth century with each and every mine that has been opened in this area, which continue to be sources of pollution for rivers.

If it weren't for this waste, the rivers would not remain poisoned. If the contamination had been only an isolated episode in the nineteenth century, the water would have cleaned it away over the

years, even if some residues remained. But the sulfides are still there, and they will remain for generations."
Félix Talego

October 22. La Poderosa Mine

Since Roman times, this area has been exploited for its mineral wealth, particularly copper, zinc, and lead. In the nineteenth century, mining activity intensified with the arrival of British companies, leading to the expansion of mining infrastructure. La Poderosa lies within the Iberian Pyrite Belt. Minerals were extracted from this deposit, especially silver during the Roman period. However, its splendor eventually faded and, despite attempts to reopen it, La Poderosa shut down in 1924 due to the collapse in copper prices.

"This is a colonial economy—an economy of a colony. At first there was some French presence, but later, almost entirely, mining in Andalusia—especially in Western Andalusia, which is the area I know best—came under Anglo-Saxon control, specifically that of the Commonwealth. Capital flows in Andalusia follow this geopolitical history. Essentially, we are dealing with a colonial economy, or what some analysts now call an extractivist one: huge quantities of resources are extracted and shipped elsewhere, leaving no added value behind. And although 'added value' is an economists' concept I don't really believe in, I use it here so I can be understood. The highest degree of colonization a territory can reach is not merely being exploited, but being unaware that it is a colony. That is the ultimate stage of colonization. Other colonized peoples know they are colonized; they endure it and try to resist. In Andalusia, however, we are not aware of our own colonial condition.
All the operations near the Odiel River, like La Poderosa mine, follow the same pattern: when no new company arrives to reopen or rework them, those who depended on them either die or are forced to leave.

This is the story of mining here and everywhere else in the world. If you study mining history, you'll see that labor demand was extremely intensive during certain periods, though increasingly less so due to mechanization and automation. Still, until the mid-twentieth century it was a highly labor-intensive activity, albeit one based on extremely precarious labor, with no rights or protection.

Mining recruited the most disadvantaged sectors, the poorest people, those who, with no other options, were forced to migrate. Going down into a mine has never been attractive to anyone. That history of misery, exploitation, death, fatal workplace accidents, and contempt has not been written as it should be. People arrived with nothing, seeking a miserable wage at the cost of risking their lives and poisoning themselves, only to have to pack up once again when the mine closed.

Public authorities have appropriated the narrative that mining has existed here since time immemorial. To justify its continuation, they endlessly repeat the story of the 'Metal Age.' But this argument is deceptive. Not only here, but all over the world—from Japan to the far end of the Old Continent—there has been mining since the Metal Age. Yet pre-industrial mining bears no resemblance to industrial mining. Until the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the scale of extraction was infinitely smaller. In Western Andalusia this is proven and well documented. There is scholarly literature with primary sources showing that between 1850 and 2000, three times more copper was extracted than during the entire period from the Neolithic to the nineteenth century. In other words, we are talking about a completely different scale. Still, this narrative is useful to those who seek to justify the continuation of plunder. It reaches a citizenry already predisposed to accept anything and who, like in the fable of the emperor's new clothes, strains to see something valuable where there is, in fact, nothing."

Félix Talego

I arrive at the abandoned mining settlement. The contradiction between its name and its present reality becomes a fitting way to bring the project to a close.

> “I think—this is a personal opinion, not a scientific analysis—that mining will keep advancing, but that we will be able to put some obstacles in its way. For instance, now, with the spill from the Cobre Las Cruces mine, environmental damage has been proven. Criminally speaking, someone has to be held accountable. There is damage to the sediments. Proving that the contamination found in fish comes directly from the mine is more difficult, but it is quite likely. There will be victories for those fighting against mining, but mining will continue to advance.”
> Jesús Castillo

This is a condemned land. European, Spanish, and Andalusian powers alike, regardless of the differing slants of their so-called “ideals,” have pronounced the sentence: it is condemned to the polluting exploitation of its minerals, to military testing of new killing technologies, to the depletion of its aquifers, to abandoning expatriate workers who live in shantytowns near their workplaces, to watching its forests burn. All of this is done under the pretext of saving the European Union from future threats that have yet to be named and may never exist. Disaster is called rearmament, ruin is called treasure, the destruction of jobs is called employment.

> “One can speak of a social and economic collapse linked to settlement patterns. As an environmental activist, I sympathize with this concept: a collapse of the ways of life we have pursued for several centuries through the industrialization and commodification of every sphere of human activity. Agriculture, as it is practiced today, is closer to a Taylorist industrial model.
> What prevails here is product standardization and speed—rapid

growth, rapid harvests. There is little concern for quality or nutritional value, or for maintaining the health of the environment, ecosystems, and people. This is secondary, if not relegated to last place. What matters is the speed of production and profit; that the system and the chain—now that we talk so much about global supply chains—never stop and are always running, always well oiled.

It is important that each of its actors and intermediaries constantly makes money, in an endless headlong rush forward. The public has the feeling that these dynamics cannot be stopped, that there is no turning back, nor even a desire to turn back. It has been accepted that phenomena such as global warming are unavoidable.

Despite all the information we have, all of us—including people with migrant backgrounds who work in the fields—are aware of the damage being inflicted on living beings. Yet there is a kind of entrenched fatalism from which there seems to be no escape. It feels like a sentence imposed on the planet and on the human race."

Ángels Escrivà

Andalusia have been forced to do something painful, forced to renounce its rivers, its vegetation, its coasts, its people. To achieve this, its inhabitants have been cut off, their senses walled up through a propaganda campaign that celebrates catastrophe. Soils and waters will be ruined, yet only a few seem alarmed by this. I can think of no more brutal way to disdain one's own place. The damage caused by these actions will last for centuries; the supposed benefits, only a few decades.

Over time, I have come to understand—or rather, it has been revealed to me—the purpose of the Casa Quemada project: to announce the advent of a new era of aggression against the weakest.

Operations that once bore lofty names—La Poderosa! (The Poweful)—now hide behind acronyms and English terms, a kind of meaningless modesty. We speak of hubs, and thus it becomes clear that we are all inside a circuit from which there is no escape, its stability enforced by force.

The origin may lie in our disconnection from nature. Those Tartessians who

sacrificed their animals, their horses, who burnt the house and buried it, knew they depended on it if they were to survive. Today, however, with our heads full of data and knowledge, we assume we can assault that same nature and suffer no consequences. That is why we do not undertake any desperate action like the Tartessian one, but instead trust that someone else will fix it. We even turn to a supposedly all-powerful artificial entity to provide solutions to our problems. Time is running out and the elements punish us ever more harshly. Yet in our arrogance, we do not demand change.

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